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THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

PARIS: PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COMPREHENDING

ALL HIS MELODIES, BALLADS, ETC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING MUSIC.

VOL. VII.

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ODES OF ANACREON.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

In allowing me to dedicate this Work to your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly: and I have only to regret that the pages which you have thus distinguished, are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me,

SIR,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be necessary to mention, that in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

ΕΠΙ ροδινοις ταπησι,
Τηϊος ποτ' ὁ μελιςης
Ἱλαρος γελων εκειτο,
Μεθυων τε και λυριζων·
Αμφι αυτον ὁι δ' ερωτες
Απαλοι συνεχορευσαν·
Ὁ βελη τα της Κυθηρης
Εποιει, ψυχης οιςυς·
Ο δε λευκα πορφυροισι
Κρινα συν ροδοισι πλεξας,
Εφιλει ςεφων γεροντα·
Ἡ δε θεαων ανασσα,
ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' εξ Ολυμπυ
Εσορωσ' Ανακρεοντα,
Εσορωσα τυς ερωτας,
Ὑπομειδιασσας ειπε·
Σοφε, δ' ὡς Ανακρεοντα
Τον σοφωτατον απαντων,
Καλευσιν ὁι σοφιςαι,
Τι, γερων, τεον βιον μεν

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REMARKS

ON

ANACREON.

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes, * who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes, which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of

* He is quoted by Athenæus εν τω περι τυ Ανακρεοντος.

Τοις ερωσι, τω Λυαιω,
Κ' ηκ εμοι κρατειν εδωκας ;
Τι φιλημα της Κυθηρης,
Τι κυπελλα τ' Λυαιυ,
Αιει γ' ετρυφησας αδων,
Ουκ' εμας νομας διδασκων,
Ουκ εμον λαχων αωτον ;
'Ο δε Τηϊος μελισης
Μητε δυσχεραινε, φησι,
'Οτι, θεα, σε γ' ανευ μεν,
'Ο σοφωτατος απαντων
Παρα των σοφων καλεμαι·
Φιλεω, πιω, λυριζω,
Μετα των καλων γυναικων
Αφελως δε τερπνα παιζω,
Ως λυρη γαρ, εμον ητορ
Αναπτει μονας ερωτας·
'Ωδε βιοτα γαληνην
Φιλεων μαλιστα παντων,
Ου σοφος μελωδος ειμι ;
Τις σοφωτερος μεν εστι ;

REMARKS

ON

ANACREON.

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes, * who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes, which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of

* He is quoted by Athenæus ἐν τῷ περὶ τῶν Ἀνακρεοντος.

history and romance,* and is too often supported by unfaithful citation. †

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where every thing respired voluptuousness. § The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ,** and he flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hippar-

* The History of Anacreon, by Monsieur Gacon (le poëte sans fard) is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him in his old age at a country villa near Téos?

† The learned Monsieur Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre. See *Dictionnaire Historique*, etc. Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of—Samos.

§ The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecêre poetæ, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus," etc.—Solinus.

** I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites."

chus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious, but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy.*

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that by the influence of his amatory songs he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.†

* This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

† *Ανακρεων Σαμιοις Πολυκρατην ημειρωσε.*—Maxim.

The amours of the poet, and the rivalship of the tyrant,* I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those elegant princes who have polished

Tyr. § 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

* In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth.

the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. As his court was the galaxy of genius, Anacreon should not be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet embraced the invitation, and the muses and the loves were wafted with him to Athens.*

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone; † and however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of

* There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called "Anacreon Citoyen."

† Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Uvæ passæ acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidæ in οινοποτης; alii enim hoc mortis genere perisse tradunt Sophoclem." Fabricii Bibliothec. Græc. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's Introduction to his Anacreon.

Heaven which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:

* Then, hallow'd sage, those lips which pour'd along
The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
A grape has closed for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever!

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Expired his rosy breath;
Thy God himself now blushes to confess,
Unholy vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death!

* At te, sancte senex, acinus sub tartara misit;
Cygneæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter..
Vos, hederæ, tumulum, tumulum vos cingite lauri
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quæ causam diræ protulit, uva, necis,
Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

Cælius Calcagninus has translated or imitated the eprigrams *εις την Μυρωνος βυν*, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

There can scarcely be imagined a more delightful theme for the warmest speculations of fancy to wanton upon, than the idea of an intercourse between Anacreon and Sappho. I could wish to believe that they were cotemporary: any thought of an interchange between hearts so congenial in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it; but the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism. *

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through

* Barnes is convinced of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho; but very gratuitously. In citing his authorities, it is strange that he neglected the line which Fulvius Ursinus has quoted, as of Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:

Ειμι λαβων εισαρας Σαπφω παρθενον ἁδυφωνον.

Fabricius thinks that they might have been cotemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as also Olaus Borrichius, etc. etc.

his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.* We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth; and the cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing:

* An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote.

Lyæum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusit Anacreon poeta.
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,
Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantis.

To Love and Bacchus, ever young,
While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
But never, never reach'd his heart.

like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so very feelingly, and which breathes characteristically through all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those vices in our estimate which ethnic religion not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and virtue with her zone loosened, may be an emblem of the character of Anacreon. *

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that perhaps it

* Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration, but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes even profane. Monsieur Baillet, who is in the opposite extreme, exaggerates too much the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité."—Jugement des Savans, M.CV.

Barnes could not have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus; the note in question is manifest irony, in allusion to some reprehension which Le Fevre

were better to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing to the lyre. *

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon, † we need not be diffident in expressing

had suffered for his Anacreon; and it is evident that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpius de Utilitate Poëtices, who vindicates our poet's reputation.

* Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions a head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters ΤΕΙΟΣ around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin in the left, with the word ΤΙΑΝΩΝ, inscribed, "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle cittadini la coniassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of De Wilde, one which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word ΤΗΙΩΝ, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?"—De Wilde.

† Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, etc. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace alludes to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17. The scholiast upon

our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity.* They are all beauty, all enchantment.† He steals us so insensibly along with him, that

Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

* See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, etc. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed." Poëtices, lib. i. cap. 44.—"From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, etc." Dissertationes Academicæ, de Poetis, diss. 2.—Scaliger again praises him in a pun; speaking of the μελος, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hæc μελη sed etiam in ipsis mella."—See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos sublimes animæ, vos Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in totâ Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quæso vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Teio cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri suavitate palmam præripuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della Rag. Poetic. libro primo, p. 97.—Among the Ritratti del Cavalier Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning Cingetemi la fronte, etc. etc.

† "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note

we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of Love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so

on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace. The modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.* The poems of Anacreon were sung

* In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by citizens Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin et de l'Italien," says Gail,

at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.*

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I remarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of

" quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all mistaken the accentuation of the words.

* The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9).—The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

antiquity.* Sappho and Alcæus were among the victims of this violation; and the sweetest flowers of Grecian literature fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was canonized by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive;† and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreontics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

> Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
> Delevit ætas.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated gave birth more innocently, indeed, to

* See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Alcyonius de Exilio; it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, "Hæc auro contra cara non potui non apponere."

† We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

> Αγε μοι λιγεια Φορμιγξ
> Μετα Τηΐαν ασιδην,
> Μετα Λεσβιαν τι μολπαν.

Margunius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious Anacreontics.

an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such too was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit,* who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

His metre has been very frequently adopted by the modern Latin poets. Scaliger, Taubmannus, Barthius,† and others, have evinced that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.§ The

* This, perhaps, is the "Jesuita quidam Græculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an Ἀνακρέων Χριστιανός, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

† I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

§ Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet:

Fidii tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse

Anacreontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; they are glittering with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus,* have preserved more happily than any, the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, frequently passing through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have sported on the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabriera and others.† If we may judge by the references of Degen, the German language

Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulso;
Gaudebo semper illum
Laudare pumilillis
Anacreonticillis.

See the Danish Poets collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. There is a very beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius. See lib. i. Farraginis.

* From Angerianus, Prior has taken his most elegant mythological subjects.

† See Cresimbeni, Historia della Volg. Poes.

abounds in Anacreontic imitations: and Hagedorn * is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have professed too to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence with little of the grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras † we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had reposed for so many ages. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some

* L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacreon. Dorat, Idée de la Poësie Allemande.

† See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by De Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his Life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

critics of that day as a literary imposition.* In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,† accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon

* Robertellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Græcist.

† Ronsard commemorates this event:

Je vay boire à Henri Etienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
La douce lyre Teïenne. Ode xv. book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light.

him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has, at length, been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who, in 1781, published at Rome a fac-simile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript, which contained the odes of Anacreon.*

Monsieur Gail has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting. I shall therefore content myself with enumerating those editions only which I have been able to collect; they are very few, but I believe they are the most important:—

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is, by Colomesius, attributed to John Dorat. †

* This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams; and in the 676th page of it are found the ημιαμβια συμποσιακα of Anacreon.

† "Le même (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avait possédé un Anacréon, où Scaliger avait marqué de sa main, qu'Henri

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears that Henry Stephen communicated his manuscript of Anacreon to Ronsard before he published it, by a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of that poet. *

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation. †

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacréon," by Monsieur Gacon; Rotterdam, 1712.

Etienne n'était pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat." Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius: almost all these Particularités begin with "M. Vossius m'a dit."

* "La fiction de ce sonnet, comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduite, σν μεν φιλη χελιδων."

† The author of Nouvelles de la Repub. des Lett. praises this translation very liberally. I have always thought it vague and spiritless.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier, * Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors. †

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760. §

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

* The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition: they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, bestowed some research on the subject, by a passage in the Menagiana—"C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le temps que je travaillais sur Anacréon."—Menagiana, seconde partie.

† I find in Haym's Notizia de' Libri rari, an Italian translation mentioned, by Cappone in Venice, 1670.

§ This is the most complete of the English translations.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Citoyen Gail, at Paris, seventh year, 1799, with a prose translation.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.*

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight;
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery die,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.

* This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilius, have been misled by the words Τȣ αυτȣ βασιλικως in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.] "How could he know at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was φιλευνος?"

His lip exhaled, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant of the Cyprian band
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him and blush'd with wine!

There are surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and the following are the indices, which the physiognomist gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon: Οφθαλμοι κλυζομενοι, κυμαινοντες εν αὐτοις, εις αφροδισια και ευπαθειαν επτοηνται. ὑτι δε αδικοι, ὑτι κακυργοι, ὑτι φυσιως φαυλης, ὑτι ἀμουσοι.—Adamantius. "The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and beneficence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry."

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful. Vide Physiognom. Johan. Baptist. Portæ.

I took the braid of wanton twine,

It breathed of him, etc.] Philostratus has the same thought in one of his Ερωτικα, where he speaks of the garland which he had sent to his mistress. Ει δε βυλει τι φιλω χαριζεσθαι, τα λειψανα αντιπεμψον, μηκετι πνεοντα ροδων μονον αλλα και σε. "If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but of thee!" Which pretty con-

I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now!
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much!

ceit is borrowed (as the author of the Observer remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's:—

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when, it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

And ah! I feel its magic now!] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, is in an epigram of the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Εξοτε μοι πινοντι συνεςαυσα Χαρικλω
Λαθρη τυς ιδιυς αμφεβαλε ςεφανυς,
Πυρ ολοον δαπτει με.

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'Twas then thy fingers slyly stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has madden'd all my soul!

ODE II.

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Oh Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught!

Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those who consider κυπελλα θεσμων as an inversion of θεσμους κυπελλων.

Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.*

Listen to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first pourtray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.

* Monsieur La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this pourtray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.*

Vulcan! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But let not o'er its simple frame
Your mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glittering wane,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.

* This is the ode which Aulus Gellius tells us was performed by minstrels at an entertainment where he was present.

But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
Their blushing tendrils round the bowl.
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flit around on golden winglets;
While Venus, to her mystic bower,
Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid, etc.] I have given this according to the Vatican manuscript, in which the ode concludes with the following lines, not inserted accurately in any of the editions:

Ποιησον αμπελους μοι
Και βοτρυας κατ' αὐτων
Και μαιναδας τρυγωσας,
Ποιει δε ληνον οινου,
Ληνοβατας πατουντας,
Τους σατυρους γελωντας,
Και χρυσους τους ερωτας,
Και Κυθηρην γελωσαν,
Ὁμου καλω Λυαιω,
Ερωτα τ' Αφροδιτην.

ODE V.*

Grave me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites,
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,

* Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Cælius Calcagninus, in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring.

Tornabis annulum mihi
Et fabre, et apte, et commode, etc. etc.

With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces link'd with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground;
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!

Let Love be there, without his arms, etc.] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia:

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting round in harmless ring,
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris:

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatus est amor.

Love is disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray,
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!] An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is as-

ODE VI.*

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.

suredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them:

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro disco
A Giacinto fiaccò il collo.

* The Vatican MS. pronounces this beautiful fiction to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has all the features of the parent:

et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus.

The commentators, however, have attributed it to Julian, a royal poet.

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius:

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratis lilia cana rosis,
Ecce rosas inter latitantem invenit amorem
Et simul annexis floribus implicuit.

I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.

Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis
Indomitus tentat solvere vincta puer,
Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit et ora ipsos nata movere Deos.
Impositosque comæ ambrosios ut sentit odores
Quosque legit diti messe beatus Arabs;
"I (dixit) mea, quære novum tibi mater amorem,
"Imperio sedes hæc erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mingled flow'rets wove,
Within a rose a sleeping love she found,
And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
Awhile he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's milky swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught the ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus" (said the raptured child
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguiled),
"Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
"Hyella's bosom shall be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce, in a poem beginning

Mentre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
Lidia, etc. etc.

Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.*

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
"The locks upon thy brow are few,
"And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;

* Alberti has imitated this ode, in a poem beginning

Nisa mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care.] Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here:

Εγω δε τας κομας μεν
Ειτ' εισιν, ειτ' απηλθον
Ουκ' οιδα.

But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give!

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus, what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner:

Ipse quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque hescit.

Longepierre was a good critic, but perhaps the line which he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very elegant; at the same time I confess, that none of the Latin poets have ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into vulgar licentiousness.

That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;] Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age:

Quid rides, Matrona? senem quid temnis amantem?
Quisquis amat nullâ est conditione senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?
Lady, dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

ODE VIII.*

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.

* "The German poet Lessing has imitated this ode. Vol. i. p. 24."—Degen. Gail de Editionibus.

Baxter conjectures that this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Policrates, according to the anecdote in Stobæus.

I care not for the idle state,
Of Persia's king, etc.] "There is a fragment of Archilocus in Plutarch, 'De tranquillitate animi,' which our poet has very closely imitated here: it begins,

Ου μοι τα Γυγεω του πολυχρυσου μελει."—BARNES.

In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought.

Ψυχην εμην εραω,
Τι σοι θελεις γενεσθαι;
Θελεις Γυγεω, τα και τα;

Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.] In the original, μυρσιναι

To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;

καταβρεχειν ὑπηνην. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents. But he should have known that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe,* célébré par le prophète Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours."—Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent; he has introduced it in the following lines:

Hæc mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,
Et curas multo delapidare mero.
Hæc mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo
Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care, to twine the rosy wreath,
And drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;
To let my beard th' Assyrian unguent breathe,
And give a loose to levity of soul!

* "*Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaron.—Psaume* 133."

And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

ODE IX.*

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

* The poet here is in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is, indeed, "amabilis insania."

Furor di poesia,
Di lascivia, e di vino,
Triplicato furore,
Bacco, Apollo, et Amore.
Ritratti del Cavalier Marino.

This is, as Scaliger expresses it,

——Insanire dulce
Et sapidum furere furorem.

Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain head;
And why?—a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd,
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of the expiring boy:
And Ajax with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold,
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.*

TELL me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me?
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did of old
(So the fabled tale is told),

* This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, Scherz. Lieder. lib. ii. carm. 5; that Ramler also has imitated it, Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 335; and some others.—See Gail de Editionibus.

We are referred by Degen to that stupid book, the Epistles of Alciphron, tenth epistle, third book; where Iophon complains to Eraston of being wakened, by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

Silly swallow! prating thing, etc.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicostratus:

Ει το συνεχως και πολλα και ταχεως λαλειν
Ην τω φρονειν παραπεμον, αι χελιδονες
Ελεγοντ' αν ημων σωφρονεστεραι πολυ.

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

Or, as Tereus did of old, etc.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many very respectable ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.*

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)

* It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel that the translation must appear very vapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

" Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray, believe it was not I;
No—it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
" Here, then, here," I said with joy,
" Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!] I have not literally rendered the epithet πατροκτα; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!] Monsieur Longepierre conjectures from this, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he sometimes felt the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

ODE XII.

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild prophetic dream.

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove.] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or her jealousy, is a point which authors are not agreed upon.

Cybele's name he howls around, etc.] I have adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele:

In montibus Cybèlen
Magno sonans boatu.

Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring, etc.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger has thus alluded to it in his Anacreontica:

Semel ut concitus œstro,
Veluti qui Clarias aquas,
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While waves of perfume round me swim;
While flavour'd bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too—
Mad, my girl! with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL; I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep secure.

While waves of perfume, etc.] Spaletti has mistaken the import of κορεσθεις, as applied to the poet's mistress: "Meâ fatigatus amicâ." He interprets it, in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry.

But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;—

And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too.] Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

Ωπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδι με νικησει, μουνος ων προς ενα.
Θνατος δ' αθανατω συνιλευσομαι. ην δι βοηθον
Βακχον ιχω, τι μουνος προς δυ' ιγω δυναμαι;

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic that I may be pardoned for introducing it. Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend 'io

Assumed the corselet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all you Powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed—
And I had just in terrors fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,

Bevei le fiamme, anzi l' istesso Dio,
C' hor con l' humide piume
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
Ma che sarei s' io lo bevessi un giorno
Bacco, nel tuo liquore?
Sarei, piu che non sono ebro d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank on yester-eve
(Shepherd-youth! the tale believe),
'Twas not a cooling, crystal draught,
'Twas liquid flame I madly quaff'd;
For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide.
And now the wily, wanton minion
Plays o'er my heart with restless pinion.
This was a day of fatal star,
But were it not more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this fluttering, young desire?
Then, then indeed my soul should prove,
Much more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!
My heart—alas the luckless day!
Received the God, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length was forced to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
My foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.*

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;

And, having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!] Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines:

——I'm all o'er Love;
Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

* The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more than, by a lively hyperbole, to tell us that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Monsieur Menage has imitated it in a Greek Ana-

Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;

creontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here:

Προς Βιωνα,
Ει αλσιων τα φυλλα,
Αριθμησεις τι ποιμες,
Ει νυκτος αστρα παντα,
Παρακτιους τι ψαμμους,
Αλος τι κυματωδη,
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν,
Και τους εμους ερωτας
Δυνη Βιων αριθμειν.
Κορην, γυναικα, Χηραν,
Σμικρην, Μεσην, Μεγιστην,
Λευκην τε και Μελαιναν,
Ορειαδας, Ναπαιας,
Νηρηϊδας τε πασας
Ὁ σος φιλος φιλησει.
Παντων κορος μεν εστιν.
Αυτην νεαν Ερωτων,
Δεσποιναν Αφροδιτην,
Χρυσην, καλην, γλυκειαν,
Ερασμιον, ποθεινην,
Αει μονην φιλησει
Εγωγε μη δοναιμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore;
Then, my Bion, thou mayst count
Of my loves the vast amount!

Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,

I've been loving, all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes—I swear I've loved them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practised all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever!

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf, etc.] This figure is called, by the rhetoricians, ἀδύνατον, and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinity of kisses, which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

—Quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te basia multa basiare
Vesano satis, et super Catullo est:
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua. Carm. 7.

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,

Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score;
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound;

Who, fair as thou and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamour'd lie!
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
So many vermil, honey'd kisses,
Envy can never count our blisses.
No tongue shall tell the sum, but mine;
No lips shall fascinate, but thine!

In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove, etc.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and the number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and prostitution in her temple was a meritorious act of religion. Conformable to this was their constant and solemn prayer, that the gods would increase the number of their courtezans. We may perceive from the application of the verb κορινθιαζειν, in Aristophanes, that the wantonness of the Corinthians became proverbial.

There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum these all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?

There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece." Degen.

Monsieur de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks that, by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty, and accounts upon this supposition for a very singular depravation of instinct among them.

Still in clusters, still remain
Gade's warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far removed,
All are loving—all are loved!

Gade's warm, desiring train.] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladiéres of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessin, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons, et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs." Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes.—Raynal.

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial:

Cautica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat. Lib. iii. epig. 63.

Lodovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.

ODE XV.

* TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air, in showers,
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove?

* The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the elegant author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and intercsting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius has a similar sentiment, speaking of Dousa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden:

Quo patriæ non tendit amor? Mandata referre
Postquam hominem nequiit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us, that at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged. See Fuller's Holy War, cap. 24, book i.

Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love
Warbled in her votive grove
('Twas, in sooth, a gentle lay),
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now, his faithful minion,
Thus, with softly-gliding pinion,

Ah! that eye has madden'd many, etc.] For τυραννον, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read τυραννυ, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polycrates.—See Degen.

Venus, for a hymn of love
Warbled in her votive grove, etc.] "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!"—Longepierre.

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a license for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
" Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell ;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these ;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet ;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound ;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minstrel while he sings :
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers !

This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.*

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;

* This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book "De Pictura Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano Goselini, etc. etc. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his Anacreontica:

Olim lepore blando,
Litis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret Amicus
Descripsit Venerem suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attuned his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace!

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlæus, entitled "An formosa sit ducenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of beauty.

Best of painters! come, pourtray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse.] I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. ῥοδης. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore.

The lovely maid that's far away.] If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress:

Βεβληκας χρυσην χειρας επ' Ευρυπυλην.

Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apulcius, in the second book of his Milesiacs, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet καλλιπλοκαμος to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's Dissertation upon Hair.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the Polyolbion of Drayton, song the second; where, observing that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play,

the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired (καλλιπλοκαμος), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil, etc.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: επαινω και του ιδρωτος των ροδων και φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow'd red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.

And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.] Marchetti explains thus the ὑγρὸν of the original:

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,
Quai gli ha Ciprigna l' alma Dea d' Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida, as La Fosse remarks:

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Propertius, eleg. 3. lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing Love's invasion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a Love within,

Catch, as it falls, the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus, too, Taygetus:

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιλημαται, "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us, with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others! "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting. "Os parvum decensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." Epist. 114. lib. i.

Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a Love within, etc.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a Heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By the finger of Cupid imprest;
There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal, etc.] This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionably minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "questo che tu m' intendi" should be always left to fancy.

ODE XVII.*

And now, with all thy pencil's truth,
Pourtray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light;
And there the raven's dye confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;

* The reader who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius de Pictura Veterum, ninth chapter, third book, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections; he compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book of Sidonius Apollinaris.

Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light; etc.] He here describes the sunny hair, the "flava coma," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisl. Kobienzyck de Luxu Romanorum.

Let not the braid, with artful twine, etc.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his Letters to West.

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more

But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breeze's wing.
Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dyes, enrich'd by gold,
Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
Mingle in his jetty glances,
Power that awes, and love that trances;

distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn, etc.] Torrentius, upon the words "insignem tenui fronte," in the thirty-third ode of the first book of Horace, is of opinion that "tenui" bears the meaning of ἁπαλὸν here; but he is certainly incorrect.

Mingle in his jetty glances,
Power that awes, and love that trances; etc.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l' ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
Emaning fire, and e'en in anger sweet!

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:

Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek!
And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play;—
Blushes of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.

Occhi lucenti et belli
Come esser puo ch' in un medesmo istante
Nascan de voi si nove forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil' altieri
Vi mostrate in un punto, ondi di speme,
Et di timor de empiete, etc. etc.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire?
Now with angry scorn you darkle,
Now with tender anguish sparkle,
And we, who view the various mirror,
Feel at once both hope and terror.

Monsieur Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan Falconis Anacreontici Lusus."

Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;

Persuasion sleeping upon roses.] It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse.

Ουδ' αργυρεη κατ' ιλαμψε Πειθω.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!] In the original λαλων σιωπη. The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silentio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, etc.] In Shakespeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description:

Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire
Which kindles when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,

——this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his martial thigh
The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire, etc.] I have taken the liberty here of somewhat veiling the original. Madame Dacier, in her translation, has hung out lights (as Sterne would call it) at this passage. It is very much to be regretted, that this substitution of asterisks has been so much adopted in the popular interpretations of the Classics; it serves but to bring whatever is exceptionable into notice, "claramque facem præferre pudendis."

Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but, hold—forbear—
I see a god-like portrait there;
So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
So like Bathyllus but the Sun!
Oh! let this pictured god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

———*But, hold—forbear—*
I see a god-like portrait there.] This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

ODE XVIII.*

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.

* "An elegant translation of this ode may be found in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. v. p. 403." Degen.

Bring me wine in brimming urns, etc.] Orig. πιειν αμυστι. "The amystis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, 'Threiciâ vincat amystide.'" Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, etc. etc.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. i.), explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but I cannot find where.

Give me all those humid flowers, etc.] By the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine"—Date flosculos Lyæi, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
Di quel almo e buon liquore,

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. Ανθος would

Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.

undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles:

Εσθλαθης γεραις Σοφοκλεις, ανθος αοιδων.

And flos, in the Latin, is frequently applied in this manner—thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, Flos inlibatus populi, suadæque medulla, "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion," in those verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii. which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit εκτιναν, according to Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, and we need not have recourse to refinements.

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angeriamus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here:

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti;
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

By Celia's arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,

But for you, my burning mind!
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or flow'ret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.

*HERE recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this imbowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;

Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan, "Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus, in the stanza which begins,

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve.

But for you, my burning mind! etc.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

* The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book

Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;

of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Ερχεο και κατ' εμαν ιζευ πιτυν, ἁ το μιλιχρον
Προς μαλακως ηχει κικλιμενα ζεφυρυς.
Ηνιδε και κρηνισμα μιλισσαγες, ενθα μιλισσδυν
Ηδυν ερημαιαις ὑπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat,
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay!

Here recline you, gentle maid, etc.] The Vatican MS. reads βαθυλλυ, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of βαθυλλον, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy ασης. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laertius, which turns upon the same word:

Ασης πριν μεν λαμπρος επι ζωοισιν ἑως
Νυν δε θανων, λαμπεις εσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

In life thou wert my morning-star,
But now that death has stolen thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Veneres Blyenburgicæ, under the head of "allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XX.

*One day the Muses twined the hands
Of baby Love, with flowery bands;

Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!] What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

* By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love:

Ἀ Κυπρις Μουσαισι, κορασια των Αφροδιταν
Τιματ' η των Ερωτα ὑμμιν ἐφοπλισομαι.

And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.

Αἱ Μοῖσαι ποτὶ Κυπριν. Ἀρεῖ τὰ γαμυλὰ ταυτα
Ἡμιν ὁ πεταται τυτο το παιδαριον.

" Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms—
" Or Love shall flutter in your classic shades,
" And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"

" No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
" We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
" Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
" His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, né volea uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin; per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.
Ma ci vinto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.

His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confined;
And every curlet was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twined.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above:
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy; etc.] Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyl of Moschus:

Ὁ μαυτας γερας ἐξει,
Μισθος τοι, το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος. ην δ' ἀγαγῃς νιν
Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τυ δ' ω ξενε, και πλεον ἐξεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he, who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This "something more" is the quidquid post oscula dulce of Secundus.

After this ode, there follow in the Vatican MS. these extraordinary lines:

Ηδυμελης Ανακρεων
Ηδυμελης δε Σαπφω
Πινδαρικον το δε μοι μελος
Συγκερασας τις εγχεοι
Τα τρια ταυτα μοι δεχει
Και Διονυσος εισιλθων

His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
" If this," he cries, " a bondage be,
" Who could wish for liberty?"

ODE XXI.*

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;

Και Ραφη παραχροος
Και αυτος Ερως χαν ιστιν.

These lines, which appear to me to have as little sense as metre, are most probably the interpolatiqn of the transcriber.

* The commentators who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy. Monsieur Gail very wisely thinks that the poet uses the epithet μελαινη, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject. See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard:

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.
Sic bibit assiduè fontes et flumina Pontus,

And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.

Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da victas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.
Hippolytus Capilupus.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;

As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakespeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude:

TIMON, ACT. IV.

I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrements.

The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.*

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;

* Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness however of a very graceful Muse; ludit amabiliter. The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to

And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select an epigram of Dionysius:

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δὲ γε ςειχυσα παρ' αυγας,
Στεθεα γυμνωσαις, και με πνεοντα λαβοις.
Ειθε ροδον γενομην ὑποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, κομισαις ςεθεσι χιονεοις.
Ειθε κρινον γενομην λευκοχροον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, μαλλον σης χροτιης κορεσης.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
And place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower!

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm;
There I should wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form!

Allow me to add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:

Αςερας εισαθρεις, αςηρ εμος. ειθε γενοιμην
Ουρανος, ὡς πολλοις ομμασιν εις σε βλεπω.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye,
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And, like my heart, I then should be
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave,
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I wish I were the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus. See his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon; "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos Teius quidam," etc. etc.

I wish I were the zone, that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!] This ταινία was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial:

Fasciâ crescentes dominæ compesce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs

Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow;
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! any thing that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought; ω αδιτοι ποδες. ω καλλος ιλιυθερος. ω τριτυδαι μαν εγω και μακαριος εαν πατησητε με. "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakespeare, Romeo desires to be a glove:

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line:

He, spying her, bounced in, where as he stood,
"O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, that whimsical farrago of "all such reading as was never read," there is a very old translation of this ode, before 1632. "Englished by Mr. B. Holiday, in his Technog. act 1, scene 7."

ODE XXIII.*

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
" Our sighs are given to Love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;

* This ode is first in the series of all the editions, and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest; it however characterizes the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it.

——cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Precepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis. *Ovid.*

The twenty-sixth Ode, σν μεν λιγειης τα Θηβης, might, with as much propriety, be the harbinger of his songs.

Bion has expressed the sentiments of the ode before us with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. I have given it rather paraphrastically; it has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
" The tale of Love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre and thou my heart
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shalt feel as well
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell!

In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!] Madame Dacier generally translates λυρη into a lute, which I believe is rather inaccurate. " D'expliquer la lyre des anciens (says Monsieur Sorel) par un luth, c'est ignorer la différence qu'il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique." Bibliothèque Française.

But still its fainting sighs repeat,
" The tale of Love alone is sweet!"] The word αντιφωνει, in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes: " ὁταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω και ὁταν αυτη αποκρινηται." Περι ἰδεων. Τομ. δευτ.

ODE XXIV.*

To all that breathe the airs of Heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.

* Henry Stephen has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems:

Provida dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Et sua fæmineum possidet arma genus,
Ungulâque ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua taurum,
Armata est formâ fæmina pulchra suâ.

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corisca in Pastor Fido:

Così noi la bellezza
Che 'è vertu nostra così propria, come
La forza del leone
E l' ingegno de l' huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heaven assign'd!

"An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm en den Anmerkk. Veber einige Oden des Anakr."

She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of Heaven—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!

To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of Heaven—a thinking mind!] In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονημα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

———the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!] Thus Achilles Tatius: καλλος οξυτερον τιτρωσκει βιλυς και δια των οφθαλμων

She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXV.*

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou comest to weave thy simple nest;

εις την ψυχην καταρρει. Οφθαλμος γαρ ὁδος ερωτικω τραυματι. "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!] Longepierre's remark here is very ingenious: "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act. 2, scene 2, Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

'Fortis, id est formosa,' say Servius and Nonius."

* This is another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem, beginning

Perch' io pianga al tuo canto
Rondinella importuna, etc.

But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!

Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!] Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia:

Αιει μοι δυνει μεν εν ηασιν ηχος ερωτος,
Ομμα δε σιγα ποθοις το γλυκυ δακρυ φερει.
Ουδ' ἡ νυξ, ου φεγγος εκοιμισιν, αλλ' ὑπο φιλτρων
Ηδε πυ καρδιη γνωστος ενεστι τυπος.
Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' εφιπτασθαι μεν ερωτες
Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ηθ' ὁσον ισχυετε;

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh bird of Love! with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
Oh! let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.*

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;

* "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder. lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew.] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this:

Ου με λιλυθας
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Archer Love! though slily creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes,

And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII.*

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;

but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

* This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS. but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 313."

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies.] "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gli occhi e ne la fronte ho scritto.

Monsieur La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon:

Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.*

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nursed desire
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honied dews;

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Meme ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame which in his bosom lies;
His cheek's confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes:
And though his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

* This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called "Hexameron Rustique." He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs. Journée Quatrième.

And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;
Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of battles came;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer-child.

And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart.] Thus Claudian—

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See the ninety-first emblem of Alciatus, on the close connexion which subsists between sweets and bitterness. Apes ideo pungunt (says Petronius) quia ubi dulce, ibi et acidum invenies.

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy:

——ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruenta."

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas? Eleg. 1.

"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
"Take this dart, and thou may'st prove,
"That though they pass the breeze's flight,
"My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft—and, oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took—
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art;
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,
"It is not light—I die with pain!
"Take—take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be,
"That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still; etc.] Monsieur Menage, in the following Anacreontic, enforces the necessity of loving:

Περι του δειν φιλησαι.
Προς Πετρον Δανιηλα Ιεττον.

Μεγα θαυμα των αοιδων
Χαριτων θαλος Ιεττε,

But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again!

Φιλεωμεν ω ἑταιρε.
Φιλεησαν οἱ σοφισται.
Φιλεησε σεμνος ανηρ,
Το τεκνον τυ Σωφρονισκυ,
Σοφιης πατηρ απασης.
Τι δ' ανευ γενοιτ' Ερωτος;
Ακονη μεν εςι ψυχης.*
Πτερυγεσσιν εις Ολυμπον
Κατακειμενυς αναιρει.
Βραδεας τετηγμενοισι
Βελεεσις εξαγειρει
Πυρι λαμπαδος φαεινω
Ρυπαρωτερυς καθαιρει.
Φιλεωμεν υν ΥΕΤΤΕ,
Φιλεωμεν ω ἑταιρε.
Αδικως δε λοιδορυντι
Αγιυς ερωτας ημων
Κακον ευξομαι το μυνον
Ἱνα μη δυναιτ' εκεινος
Φιλεειν τε και φιλεισθαι.

TO PETER DANIEL HUETT.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nursed;

* This line is borrowed from an epigram by Alpheus of Mitylene.

—— ψυχης εςιν Ερως ακονη.

Menage, I think, says somewhere, that he was the first who produced this epigram to the world.

Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.

Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by Love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free
(If indeed such hearts there be),
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!—
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And oh! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXX.*

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied, that I wing'd my flight

* Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. I do not perceive any thing in the ode which seems to allude to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I must confess that I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

On pinions fleeter than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twined
(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled;
Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?—
Swift as the moment I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stolen my rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by Love till now!

ODE XXXI.*

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod
(Arms enough for such a god),

* The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram (I do not know where he found it), which has some similitude to this ode:

Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me sævus Amor prensum, sursumque capillis
Excitat, et lacerum pervigilare jubet.
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
Solus Io, solus, dure jacere potes?
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rursumque redire
Pœnitet; et pudor est stare via media.
Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
Solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
And forced me many a weary way to tread.
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known,
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
Unsheltered, trembling, doubtful of my way.
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard;
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wander the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

With weary foot I panting flew,
My brow was chill with drops of dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;

My brow was chill with drops of dew.] I have followed those who read τειρεν ἱδρως for πειρην ὑδρος; the former is partly authorized by the MS. which reads πειρεν ἱδρως.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying; etc.] In the original, he says his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich, quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Την ψυχην Αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον.
Ηλθε γαρ ἡ τλημων ὡς διαδησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in melting twine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find many of those niguardises of expression, which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom.] "The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes which he may occasion." La Fosse.

Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.*

STREW me a breathing bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;

* We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making Ερως the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho has assigned this office to Venus, in a fragment. Ελθε, Κυπρι, χρυσειαισιν εν κυλικεσσιν ἁβροις συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ οινοχοουσα τουτοισι τοις ἑταιροις εμοις γε και σοις.

Which may be thus paraphrased:

Hither, Venus! queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses!
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush!
Venus! hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not thine!

"Compare with this ode (says the German commentator) the beautiful poem in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 296. Amor als Diener."

And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb!
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!

Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest Elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own Elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.*

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!

* Monsieur Bernard, the author of l'Art d'aimer, has written a ballet called "Les Surprises de l'Amour," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes. Œuvres de Bernard, Anac. scene 4th.

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii. "Amor und sein Bruder," and a poem of Kleist die Heilung. La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated, this ode.

" And who art thou," I waking cry,
" That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
" O gentle sire!" the infant said,
" In pity take me to thy shed;
" Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
" I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
" Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
" Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp, and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;

" *And who art thou," I waking cry,*
" *That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"*] Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite, etc.] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
" I pray thee," said the wanton child
(My bosom trembled as he smiled),
" I pray thee let me try my bow,
" For through the rain I've wander'd so,
" That much I fear the ceaseless shower
" Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
" Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
" Fare thee well, for now I know
" The rain has not relax'd my bow;
" It still can send a maddening dart,
" As thou shalt own with all thy heart!

ODE XXXIV.*

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee!

*Father Rapin, in a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, has preserved some of the thoughts of our author:

O quæ virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidis, et herbidos
Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa ciere cantus.
Seu forte adultis floribus incubas,
Cœli caducis ebria fletibus, etc.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
Reclinest soft, and tun'st thy song,
The dewy herbs and leaves among!
Whether thou liest on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, etc.

See what Licetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 93 and 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee, etc.] "Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier), that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says τιτ' εἰσιν αἱ τεττιγες ουκ ευδαιμονες, αἱ ταις γυναιξιν ουδ' ὁτι αν φωνης ωσι; 'are not the

Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;

grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?'" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make Madame Dacier my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone; etc.] Phile, de Animal Proprietat. calls this insect Μουσαις φιλος, the darling of the Muses; and Μουσων ορνιν, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius:

Των παντων δ' ηγειτο πλατυςατος, αλλ' αγορητης
Ηδυεπης τεττιξιν ισογραφος, οἱθ' εκαδημου
Δενθρεα εφεζομενοι οπα λειριοεσσαν ιεισι.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's Iliad, γ. where there occurs the very same simile.

'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st a little deity!

Melodious insect! child of earth!] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

Αρχει τεττιγας μεθυσαι δροσος, αλλα σιοντες
Ασιδην κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

ODE XXXV.*

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;

* Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl, but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude, begins thus:

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by hap, etc. etc.

In Almeloveen's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing another Greek Anacreontic of Monsieur Menage, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of this natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:

Ερως ποτ' εν χορειαις
Των παρθενων αωτον
Την μοι φιλην Κορινναν
Ὡς ειδεν, ὡς προς αυτην
Προσεδραμε· τραχηλω
Διδυμας τε χειρας απτων
Φιλει με, μητερ, ειπε.
Καλυμενη Κορινναι

Luckless urchin not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!

Μητηρ, ιρυθριαζει,
Ὡς παρθενος μεν ουσα.
Κ' αυτος δι δυσχεραινων,
Ὡς ομμασι πλανηθεις,
Ερως ιρυθριαζει.
Εγω δι οι παρασας,
Μη δυσχεραινε, φημι.
Κυπριν τι και Κορινναν
Διαγνωσαι ουκ ιχυσι
Και οι βλεποντις οξυ.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
The flow'ret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna, lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
And said, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving,
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame,
The little infant blush'd with shame.
"Be not ashamed, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto, in his Cappriciosi Pensieri, has translated this ode of Anacreon.

The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
" Oh mother!—I am wounded through—
" I die with pain—in sooth I do!
" Stung by some little angry thing,
" Some serpent on a tiny wing—
" A bee it was—for once, I know,
" I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, " My infant, if so much
" Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
" How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
" The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVI.*

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.

* Monsieur Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of it are, Lessing, in his poem 'Gestern Brüder, etc.' Gleim, in the ode 'An den Tod,' and Schmidt in der Poet. Blumenl. Gotting. 1783, p. 7." Degen.

That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion, etc.] The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "de lanâ caprinâ," have been very busy on the authority of the phrase ἐν ἀν θανατον ἐπειλθῃ. The reading of ἐν ἀν Θανατος ἐπειλθῃ, which De Medenbach proposes in his Amœnitates Litterariæ, was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treasures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymph whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Ὑγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανθρωπῳ δοκει. Δευτερον δε, καλον φυην γενεσθαι. Το τριτον δε, πλουτειν ἀδολως. Και το τεταρτον, συνηβαν μετα των φιλων.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
And next, those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
And then, an intercourse with those we love!

ODE XXXVII.*

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

* "Compare with this ode the beautiful poem, 'der Traum of Uz.'" Degen.

Monsieur Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim fateor (says he in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone (Anacreontem dico, si nescis Lector), noli sperare," etc. etc. He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:

Οὐδεὶς φιλοπότης ἐστὶν ἀνθρωπος κακος.

"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slyly smiled—
Smiled indeed with wanton glee;
But ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for the illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
"Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"

—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone!] Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses,

Εγρομενος δι
Παρθενον ουκ' εκιχησε, και ηθελεν αυθις ιαυειν.

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
He found no beauty in his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid! LONGEPIERRE.

"*Sleep! again my joys restore,*
Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"] Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, animadverting upon the

ODE XXXVIII.*

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.

commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us: "I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

* "Compare with this beautiful ode the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. das Gesellschaftliche; and of Bürger, p. 51," etc. etc. Degen.

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cytherea, the name of Venus, παρα το κευθειν τας ερωτας, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!

No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!] The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia:

Ἀσωμενοι, Πρωδικη, πυκασωμεθα, και τον ακρατον
Ελκωμεν, κυλικας μειζονας αρμενοι.
Ραιος ὁ χαιροντων ἐστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
Γηρας καλυπτει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase:

Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

Fly, my beloved, to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam!
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse, which trembles warm!
And death—alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping wild the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!

Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassé nos années;
Ne regardez que mon amour.
Peut-être en serez vous émue,
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vue.

Fair and young, thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
That first I set my eyes on thee!

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journied o'er
Return no more—alas! no more;
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no, the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee!

No, no, the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes an epigram here from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase; it is by no means anacreontic, but has an interesting simplicity which induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπις και συ τυχη μεγα χαιρετε. τον λιμεν' ευρον.
Ουδεν εμοι χ' υμιν. παιζετε τους μετ' εμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguiled is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destined shore!
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

ODE XLI.

When Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine;
Ready to fall in tears of wine;

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, where he makes him give the precepts of good-fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' ασισα, και εκ τυμβου δε βοησω
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονιν.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranced to lie
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

ODE XLII.*

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!

And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, etc.] Thus Horace:

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi. Book iv. ode 13.

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breathed the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

* The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

Ου φιλος, ὁς κρητηρι παρα πλειω οινοποταζων,
Νεικεα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
Αλλ' ὁστις Μουσων τι, και αγλαα δωρ' Αφροδιτης
Ευμμισγων, ερατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης.

Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And, while she waves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that Envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,

When to the lip the brimming cup is press'd,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream,
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

Where every cordial heart should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love;
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,

And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings, etc.] On the barbiton an host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors * extant upon the

* Collected by Meibomius.

Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth, the while, with loosen'd hair
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!

subject, are, I imagine, little understood; but certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody; for this is a nicety of progression, of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called *το ἐυρημα του Ανακρεοντος*. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot. in Horat. on the words "Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia:

Κυρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ ην το φιλημα. το γαρ στομα νεκταρος επλει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν δε ερωτα πεπωκως.

Of which the following may give some idea:

Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?
Oh yes! and Venus, Queen of Wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!

The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh!

The dew that distill'd in that kiss,
To my soul was voluptuous wine;
Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!] Κωμος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures (as all the annotators have observed), gives a very beautiful description of this god.

ODE XLIV.*

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.

* This spirited poem is an eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is very elegantly styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this forty-fourth ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz die Rose."

Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I sing;
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in early dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." Degen.

With some celestial, glowing maid, etc.] The epithet βαθυκολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed:" if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See the Koran, cap. 72.

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep:
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from Pleasure's way;
Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from Pleasure's way; etc.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line:

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in questa vita?

ODE XLVI.*

See, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;

* The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of Ἰδὲ πως ἐαρος φαεσφορος is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace:

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte——

The imperative ἰδὲ is infinitely more impressive, as in Shakespeare,

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; there, in a little villa at some distance from the city, which commanded a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in Anac. vita, § xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasant association, which makes the poem more interesting.

Monsieur Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring. I cannot find it. See Chevreau, Œuvres Mêlées.

"Compare with this ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth der Frühling, and book fifth der Mai."

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!] De Pauw reads, Χαριτας ροδα βρυουσιν, "the roses display their graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has objected, very frivolously.

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep; etc.] It has been justly remarked that the liquid flow of the line απαλυνεται γαληνη is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultured field, and winding stream, etc.] By βροτων εργα, "the works of men," (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun.

Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!

But brandishing a rosy flask, etc.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb ασκος και θυλακος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a

Let those who pant for Glory's charms
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honied wave!
For, though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again!

ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;

reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, oh, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me;
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, etc.] "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine. Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, etc. etc.

Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others:

Altri segua Marte fero;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

ODE XLIX.*

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet!
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink!

* This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire. Most likely they were the effusions of the moment of conviviality, and were sung, we imagine, with rapture in Greece; but that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can be very little felt by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul.] Ἀυσιος is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance, that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Ἀϊϋι (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

Sing, sing of love, let Music's breath
Softly beguile our rapturous death,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
To the voluptuous cadence die!
Then waking from our languid trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.*

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!

* Faber thinks this spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of this ode, in the original, is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίνω τὸν οἶνον.

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. der Wein, where that divine poet has wantoned in the praises of wine."

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry.

Warm with the goblet's freshening dews
My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
When I drink, my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And, while we dance through breathing bowers
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,

There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ἱππος αοιδω,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις επος."

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

And, while we dance through breathing bowers, etc.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to *πολυανθεσιν μ' εν αυραις*, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy, by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following?

Quand je bois, mon œil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m'emporte dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury!
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines,—
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!

Indi mi mena
Mentre lietro ebro deliro
Baccho in giro
Per la vaga aura serena.

When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!] Subjoined to Gail's

When I drink, the bliss is mine,—
There's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till Death o'ershadows all my joy!

ODE LI.*

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.

edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the Θίασοι of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon, in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail, through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

* Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it:

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,

Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis.

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
Is it, that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
And thine are all the summer's roseate charms?

See the rich garland, cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
In wreaths of love we thus may twine together,
And I will be the lily, thou the rose!

See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid!] "In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the beauty of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavours to recommend his black hair:

Και το ιον μελαν εσι, και ἁ γραπτα ὑακινθος
Αλλ' ὑμπας εν τοις στεφανοις τα πρωτα λεγονται."

Longepierre, Barnes, etc.

ODE LII.*

Away, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!

* "This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon; for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known." Degen.

Though the antiquity of this ode is confirmed by the Vatican manuscript, I am very much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for, though the dawnings of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Πασαν παιδειαν μακαριοι φευγετε, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!] By χρυσης Αφροδιτης here, I understand some beautiful girl; in the same manner that Ανατος is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus

Age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!

aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon:

E m' insegni con piu rare
Forme accorte d' involare
Ad amabile beltade
Il bel cinto d' onestade.

And there's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!] Thus the witty Mainard:

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
Nous ont enfermés une fois
Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bon repas,
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly, old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language are borrowed.

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,

Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows; etc.] Licetus, in his Hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus."—"It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators.

Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!

He still can kiss the goblet's brim; etc.] Wine is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat," etc.; but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance, whether he will or not."

Λογος εϛ' αρχαιος, ϗ καλως ἐχων,
Οινον λεγουσι τους γεροντας, ω παπαι,
Πειθειν χορευειν ϗ θελοντας.

ODE LIV.*

METHINKS, the pictured bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

* "This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa." Madame Dacier.

It may perhaps be considered as a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23. "Sidonii numismata cum fœminâ tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante, cuderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarte, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

Moschus has written a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.

No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!] Thus Moschus:

ODE LV.*

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;

Κρυψε θεον και τριψε δομας· και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.

* This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful." From the idea of peculiar excellence which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, ῥοδα μεμιγμενος, "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word ῥοδον, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Murenus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose:

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8.

Now I again embrace thee, dearest,
(Tell me, wanton, why thou fearest?)
Again my longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, and they are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose:

Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam
Teius argutâ cecinit testudine vates.

Resplendent rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose Virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When Pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing.] I have passed over the line συν ἑταιρει αυξει μιλαχῃ; it is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: φερε δη φυσιν λεγωμεν.

The rose is warm Dione's bliss, etc.] Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here αφροδισιων τ'αθυρμα, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Vénus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung; etc.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. Ει τοις ανθεσιν ηθελεν ὁ Ζευς επιθεινα βασιλεα, το ροδον αν των ανθεων εβασιλευε. γης εστι κοσμος, φυτων αγλαϊσμα, οφθαλμος ανθεων, λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλλος ασραπτον. Ερωτος πεδη, Αφροδιτην προξενει, ενειδεσι φυλλοις κομᾶ, ευκινητοις πεταλοις τρυφᾶ. το πεταλον το Ζεφυρω γελᾶ.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,

And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flow'ret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!

The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty nursed by dawns:
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreaths,
And, to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray!

Oh, there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:

When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes; etc.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, παρα των σοφων. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam.

Preserves the cold inurned clay; etc.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. Homer's Iliad ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 782.

——hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus patriâque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet, in another ode, calls ἔαρος μελημα. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. lv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δὲ ὑπὸ Ἔρωτος, ὑπὸ ῥοδου οὐδὲν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!] Thus Caspar Barlæus, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
When wither'd by the solar eye!

When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by Ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,

With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, etc.] The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis—

——rosæ
Fusæ aprino de cruore—

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:

And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.*

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flow'ret feels her blood, and blushes!

* "Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i. die Weinlese." Degen.

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the σπλαγχνοι ὑμνοι, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a peculiar veneration for these relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In winged circlets through the dance!
Bacchus, the god, again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!] In the original ποτον αςονον κομιζων. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nepenthé of Homer in his mind. Odyssey, lib. iv. This nepenthé was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, with very elegant gallantry, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See De Meré, quoted by Bayle, art. Helène.

No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;
No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

ODE LVII.*

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?

* This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, etc. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. Non ego paucis offendar maculis. I think it is beautiful enough to be authentic.

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of *αρα τις τορευσε ποντον*, is finely expressive of sudden ad-

And, in a frenzied flight of soul,
Sublime as Heaven's eternal pole,
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty?
Oh! he has given the captured sight
A witching banquet of delight;
And all those sacred scenes of Love,
Where only hallow'd eyes may rove,
Lie faintly glowing, half-conceal'd,
Within the lucid billows veil'd.
Light as the leaf that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,

miration, and is one of those beauties which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become languid and unimpressive.

And all those sacred scenes of love,
Where only hallow'd eyes may rove, etc.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which is like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire!

Her bosom, like the humid rose, etc.] "Ῥοδίην (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, etc.

Crottus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague an use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: "e roseis oculis."

——— *young Desire, etc.*] In the original Ἵμερος,

While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVIII.*.

When gold, as fleet as Zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,

who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated:

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And, for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, etc.

* I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode; it deviates somewhat from the Vatican MS., but it appeared to me the more natural order.

When gold, as fleet as Zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion, etc.] In the original Ὁ διαπετης ὁ χρυσος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play

And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by ties of gold confined,
I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;

upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever), etc.] Ἀεὶ δ', ἀεί με φεύγει. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia.

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, etc.

Si sic omnia dixisset! but the rest does not bear citation.

The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
The waftage of thy wings can hold.
I well remember all thy wiles;
They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!
They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.

They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.] Original:

Oh! fly to haunts of sordid men,
But rove not near the bard again;
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;
And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And with thy gay, fallacious blaze,
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

Φιλημασιν δε κεδνων,
Ποθων κυπελλα πιρνης.

Horace has "Desiderique temperare poculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine,"

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "Ἵνα και πιῃς αμα και φιλῃς," "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

ODE LIX.*

Sabled by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.

* The title Επιληνιος ὑμνος, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title εις οινον, which it bears in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion. "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;" but this is far from satisfactory criticism.

Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
And as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er th' inspiring bowl,
Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to th' embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;

Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed; etc.] The original her

That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.
And, oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower!

Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

has been variously interpreted. Some, in their zeal for our author's purity, have supposed that the youth only persuades her to a premature marriage. Others understand from the words προδοτις γαμων γενεσθαι, that he seduces her to a violation of the nuptial vow. The turn which I have given it is somewhat like the sentiment of Heloïsa, "amorem conjugio, libertatem vinculo præferre." (See her original Letters.) The Italian translations have almost all wantoned upon this description; but that of Marchetti is indeed "nimium lubricus aspici."

ODE LX.*

Awake to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour,
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Cayster's tide he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton murmuring air,

* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!
I sing the love which Daphne twined
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this æthereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;

And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade, etc.] Original:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον,
Φυσιως δ' αμειψε μορφην.

I find the word κεντρον here has a double force, as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa," etc. etc. (See Martial.) In order to confirm this import of the word here, those who are curious in new readings, may place the stop after φυσιως, thus:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον
Φυσιως, δ' αμειψε μορφην.

Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursued, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamour'd virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But oh, my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly maddening dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre.] The original is Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of

Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!

fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality, too, with some little reserve, I think we might not blush to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines:

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

how many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say, Τον Ανακρεοντα μισω!

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS. whose authority confirms the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken; I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy, the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω, he says, "Vatican MS. συσκιαζων, etiam Presciano invito," though the MS. reads συγκαλυψω, with συσκιασω interlined. Degen, too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has τενιη with αι interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of τενδη. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. Αλαλημενη δ' επ' αυτη, while the latter has αλαλημενος δ' επ' αυτα. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

ODE LXI.*

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.

* The intrusion of this melancholy ode among the careless levities of our poet, has always reminded me of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. Quid habet illius, illius quæ spirabat amores?

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode 11; and thus in the second epistle book ii.

Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Dreary is the thought of dying! etc.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis La Farre.

Plus j'approche du terme et moins je le redoute, etc.

I shall leave it to the moralist to make his reflections here: it is impossible to be very anacreontic on such a subject.

And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!] Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known lines, "Qui nunc it per iter," etc. remarks, that Acheron, with the same idea, is called ανεξοδος, by Theocritus, and δυσεκδρομος, by Nicander.

ODE LXII.*

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;

* This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x. and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv. der Trinker.

But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow; etc.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded.

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavêre Lyæum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.
Pierius Valerianus.

Which is, non verbum verbo,

While heavenly fire consumed his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle;
For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

ODE LXIII.*

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers!
To Love, for Heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

* "This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. lib. vi. and in Arsenius, Collect. Græc." BARNES.
It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

ODE LXIV.*

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!

* This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led to some doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes). Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander: near to it was situated the town Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they—must they pine?

ODE LXV.*

Like some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace! thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw

* This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously throughout it, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates: there is more modesty than ingenuity in the lady's conjecture.

Pierius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us, that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

The reins upon that tender form,
However wild, however warm!
Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport'st amid the herbs and flowers,
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal!

ODE LXVI.*

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;

* This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scolium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. A subject so interesting to an amorous fancy was warmly felt, and must have been warmly described, by such a soul and such an imagination. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of her epithalamiums:

Ολβιε γαμβρε, σοι μεν δη γαμος ως αρα,
Εκτετιλαι', εχεις δε παρθενον ην αρα.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

To thee, thou blushing young Desire,
Who rulest the world with darts of fire!
And oh! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire!
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illume this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Oh! Stratocles, impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
To those bewitching beauties turn;
For thee they mantle, flush, and burn!

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Then she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses!
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!] Original Κυπαριττος δὲ πεφυκοι σευ ενι κηπω. Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the nuptial song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminus attributes to ῥοδον, says, "Hortum quoque vocant in quo flos ille carpitur, et Græcis κηπον εςι το εφηβαιον γυναικων."

May I remark, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus has neglected a most striking and anacreontic beauty in those verses, "Ut flos in septis," etc. which is the repetition of the line, "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; he has translated γελωσας ἱμεροεν, but takes no notice of ἀδυ φωνουσας. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

ODE LXVII.*

GENTLE youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou little know'st the fond control
With which thy virtue reins my soul!
Then smile not on my locks of gray,
Believe me oft with converse gay,
I've chain'd the years of tender age,
And boys have loved the prattling sage!

* I have formed this poem of three or four different fragments, which is a liberty that perhaps may be justified by the example of Barnes, who has thus compiled the fifty-seventh of his edition, and the little ode beginning φερ' ὕδωρ, φερ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ, which he has subjoined to the epigrams.

The fragments combined in this ode, are the sixty-seventh, ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, and hundredth of Barnes's edition, to which I refer the reader for the names of the authors by whom they are preserved.

And boys have loved the prattling sage!] Monsieur Chaulieu has given a very amiable idea of an old man's intercourse with youth:

Que cherché par les jeunes gens,
Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indulgence,
Je tolère leur imprudence
En faveur de leurs agrémens.

For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
And mine is many a soothing measure;
And much I hate the beamless mind,
Whose earthly vision, unrefined,
Nature has never formed to see
The beauties of simplicity!
Simplicity, the flower of Heaven,
To souls elect, by Nature given!

ODE LXVIII.*

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn!
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

* This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tartessian prince my own.] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, an hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.

ODE LXIX.*

Now Neptune's sullen month appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn the almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXX.†

They wove the lotus band, to deck
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;

* This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

† Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXXI.*

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:

And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread.] Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtezan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance is extremely like the subject of one of the tensons of Savari de Mauléon, a troubadour. See l'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

* This poem is compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephæstion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

And while a generous bowl I crown,
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXII.*

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin! wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

* This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, etc.] In the original:

Ὅς τ' ἐν ὕλῃ κεροέσσης
Ἀπολειφθεὶς ὑπὸ μητρὸς.

"Horned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet;

ODE LXXIII.*

FARE thee well, perfidious maid!
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here!

ODE LXXIV.†

I BLOOM'D, awhile, an happy flower,
Till Love approach'd, one fatal hour,

Madame Dacier, however, observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, etc. have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, "jussit habere puellam cornua."

* This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

† This is to be found in Hephæstion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I must here apologize for omitting a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, Ξανθη δ' Ευρυπυλη μελαι, etc. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi. It is in a style of gross satire, and is full of expressions which never could be gracefully translated.

And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXV.*

Monarch Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise;
That thou wilt whisper, to the breast
Of her I love, thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

* This fragment is preserved by Dion. Chrysostom, Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 93.

ODE LXXVI.*

Spirit of Love! whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine,
Come within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.

* This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101), is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says) Sapho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingts ans avant Anacréon." Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett. tom. ii. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is very finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μουσ' ενισπεις
Υμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηϊος χαρας ον ασιδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sang for me.

But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVII.*

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

* This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics. De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

ODE LXXVIII.*

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair,
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXIX.†

WHEN Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching Time has taught to flow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And, flitting on, he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

* This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

† See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his little essay on the Gallic Hercules.

* Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray
Which lightens our meandering way—
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing!

† Let me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To soothe my misery!

§ I know thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure—
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

* Barnes, 125th. This, if I remember right, is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

† This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

§ Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

* I FEAR that Love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not Love's impassion'd care;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

† FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep,
And there I'll float, to waves resign'd,
For Love intoxicates my mind!

* This fragment is in Hephæstion. See Barnes, 95th. Catullus expresses something of this contrariety of feelings:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

† This also is in Hephæstion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

* Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine :
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul !

* This fragment is collected by Barnes from Demetrius Phalareus, and Eustathius, and is subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant. I wish it could be said of the garland which they form, Το δ' ως Ανακρεοντος.

Among the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety: a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but, designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Αντιπατρȣ Σιδωνιȣ, εις Ανακρεοντα.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
ἁβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' απο γης ἡδυ χεοιτο μεθυ,
οφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οςεα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
ω το φιλον ςερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν αοιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

* Around the tomb, oh bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her waste of roses!

* Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, de Poetis Græcis, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvisatore. See Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are these I have selected, upon Anacreon. Those remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet* of the same name, of

* Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur.
Brunck, Lectiones et Emendat.

And many a fount shall there distil,
  And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
  And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
  To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
  Who gave to love his fondest measure!

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
  Thou mayst, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
  And live again in blissful dreaming!

whom Vossius gives us the following account: "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate Ανθολογιας, lib. iv. tit. εις ορχηστριδας. At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione," etc. etc.

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, Lexic. Univers. By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodæus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

Τȣ αυτȣ, εις τον αυτον.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρειοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ενθαδε κυκνος
Ἑυδει, χἠ παιδων ζωροτατη μανιη.
Ακμην λειριοεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλω
Ἱμερα· και κισσȣ λευκος οδωδε λιθος.
Ουδ' Αϊδης σοι ερωτας απεσβεσεν· εν δ' Αχεροντος
Ων, ὁλος ωδινεις Κυπριδι θερμοτερη.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here, mute in death, the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold the heart, which lived but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!

——*the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar:

Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ἱμεροισι συντροφον
Λυαιος Ανακρεοντα, Τηϊον κυκνον,
Εσφηλας ὑγρη νεκταρος μεληδονη.
Ευγενȣς, Ανθολογ.

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd,
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream!
The Teian, nursed with all those honied boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joys!

And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;
And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!
Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee through the Elysian grove;
And dreams are thine, that bless the elect alone,
And Venus calls thee, even in death, her own!

Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath.] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet:

Μολπης δ' ου ληθη μελιτερπεος αλλ' ετι κεινο
Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ευνασεν ειν αϊδη.
Σιμωνιδου, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous lute
With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled "divine," though Le Fevre, in his Poëtes Grecs, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus, ψογος γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopœus, the commentator here appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id necquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could never produce.

Τϐ αυτϐ, εις τον αυτον.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιτον Ανακρειοντος αμειβων,
Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπευσον εμη σποδιη, σπευσον γαιης, οφρα κεν οινω
Οσια γηθησι ταμα νοτιζομενα,
Ὡς ὁ Διονυσϐ μεμελημενος ϐασι κωμος,
Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητϐ συντροφος ἁρμονιης,
Μηδι καταφθιμενος Βακχϐ διχα τυτον ὑποισω
Τον γινεη μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

*Oh stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell

*The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses from the tomb, somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

——*if Anacreon's shell*
Has ever taught thy heart to swell, etc.] We may guess from the words εκ βιβλων εμων, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these, M. Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast:

Aussi c'est pour cela que la postérité
L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfrerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his Poëtes Grecs. This is unlike

With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here!

the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium:

Εις Ανακρεοντος ανδριαντα.

Θασαι τον ανδριαντα τυτον, ω ξενε,
σπυδα, και λεγ', επαν ες οικον ενθης·
Ανακρεοντος εικον' ειδον εν Τεω.
των προσθ' ει τι περισσον ωδοποιων.
προσθεις δε χώτι τοις νεοισιν ἁδετο,
ερεις ατρεκεως ολον τον ανδρα.

Upon the Statue of Anacreon.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
And you may say, returning to your home,
"I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
"Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then, if you add, "That striplings loved him well,"
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

The simplicity of this inscription has always delighted me; I have given it, I believe, as literally as a verse translation will allow.

And drop thy goblet's richest tear, etc.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet:

Και μιν αει τεγγοι νοτερη δροσος, ἡς ὁ γεραιος
Λαροτερον μαλακων επνεεν εκ ςοματων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreathed,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breathed,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When Fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, etc.] The original here is corrupted; the line ὡς ὁ Διονυσ, etc. is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus:

ὡς ὁ Διωνυσιο λελασμενος ὑποτι κωμων.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet. Græc. vol. ii.

Τȣ αυτȣ, εις τον αυτον.

ἘΥΔΕΙΣ εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα πονησας
ἐυδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκτιλαλος κιθαρα,
ἐυδει και Σμερδις, το Ποθων εαρ, ὡ συ μελισδων
βαρβιτ', ανεκρȣȣ νεκταρ εναρμονιον.
ηϊθεȣ γαρ Ερωτος εφυς σκοπος· ες δε σε μȣνον
τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἑκηβολιας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, etc.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is not allowed to be silent even after his death.

ὡς ὁ φιλακρητος τε και οινοβαρις φιλοκωμος
παννυχιος κρȣοι* την φιλοπαιδα χελυν.
Σιμωνιδȣ, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
To joys he loved on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild, aërial shell!

* Brunck has κρȣων; but κρȣοι, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

She, too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!

She, the young spring of thy desires, etc.] The original, *το Ποθων εαρ*, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress, Eurypyle, would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

ὑγρα δὲ δερκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν ϋλον αειδοις,
αιθυσσων λιπαρες ανθος ὑπερθε κομης,
ηε προς Ευρυπυλην τετραμμενος . . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire!
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, *ανθος κομης*, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus: *Απεκειρας δ' ἁπαλης αμωμον ἀνθος.*

The purest nectar of its numbers, etc.] Thus, says Brunck, in the prologue to the Satires of Persius:

Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it; but "nectar," I think, is much more spirited.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, etc.] ὦφυς σκοπος, "scopus eras naturâ," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopœus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And every woman found in thee a heart, etc.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικων ηπιροπευμα.

Τον δι γυναικειων μιλιων πλιξαντα ποτ' ωδας,
Ηδυν Ανακρεοντα,* Τηιος εις Ελλαδ' ανηγεν,
Συμποσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων ηπιροπευμα.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving!

Oh! in nightly banquets sporting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
Oh! with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

* Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:

Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

LUSISSE PUDET. HOR.

Ταδ' ες' ονειρων νεοτερων φαντασματα, οἱον ληρος.
Metroc. ap. Diog. Laërt. lib. vi. cap. 6.

PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing were never intended by the Author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates; all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented Mr. LITTLE from submitting these trifles of the moment to the eye of dispassionate criticism: and, if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. LITTLE died in his one-and-twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early a period, that their errors may claim some indulgence from the critic: their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; he wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The "aurea legge, s' ei piace ei lice," he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment and variety of fancy which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who

can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics have preferred him to the pathetic Tibullus; but I believe the defects which a common reader condemns have been looked upon rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators, who find a field for their ingenuity and research in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,"* etc. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nec te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural and from the heart. But, in my opinion, the poet of Verona possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe,

* Lib. i. eleg. 3.

unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses: but still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches on pathos, he reaches the heart immediately. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home, from which they have long been absent, will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines:

> O quid solutis est beatius curis!
> Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
> Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto. CARM. xxxii.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I admire* so warmly.

* In the following Poems, there is a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a school-boy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered the rest to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description, than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, I must confess, in the midst of these beauties,

——Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat. *

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more

* Lucretius.

constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Watton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such a refinement; but he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which are very unlike the sentimental levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

From what I have had an opportunity of observing, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. LITTLE selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity (ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas) was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment; * and his life was of too short a date

* It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

T. M.

TO

J. ATK—NS—N, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

I FEEL a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend LITTLE's Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose; but, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment; and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:

Non possunt nostros multæ, Faustine, lituræ
Emendare jocos; una litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that though not quite a *casuiste relâché,* you have charity enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know the pious Beza was not the less revered for those

sportive *juvenilia* which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear friend,
With the truest esteem,
Yours,

T. M.

April 19, 1802.

POEMS, ETC.

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

Why, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-eyed child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
" He was, indeed, a tender soul—
" No critic law, no chill control,
" Should ever freeze, by timid art,
" The flowings of so fond a heart!"

Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child!
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my memory, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here—
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear—

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've traced for thee,

May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him,—or, oh! if gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?—

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That glory oft would claim the lay,
And friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was given to LOVE!"

TO MRS. ———.

IF, in the dream that hovers
Around my sleeping mind,
Fancy thy form discovers,
And paints thee melting kind;

If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thou'lt forgive me this;
For he who wakes to sorrow,
At least may dream of bliss!

Oh! if thou art, in seeming,
All that I've e'er required:
Oh! if I feel in dreaming,
All that I've e'er desired;

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss, or—something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
Oh! let me slumber o'er!

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS ————.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

—Ego pars—— VIRG.

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have *remain'd in the wheel?*

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should fall,
A *sixteenth,* Heaven knows! were sufficient for *me;*
For what could I do with the *whole?*

TO JULIA.

WELL, Julia, if to love, and live
'Mid all the pleasures love can give,
Be crimes that bring damnation;
You—you and I have given such scope

To loves and joys, we scarce can hope
In Heaven the least salvation!

And yet, I think, did Heaven design
That blisses dear, like yours and mine,
Should be our own undoing;
It had not made my soul so warm,
Nor given you such a witching form,
To bid me dote on ruin!

Then wipe away that timid tear;
Sweet truant! you have nought to fear,
Though you were whelm'd in sin;
Stand but at Heaven's gate awhile,
And you *so like an angel* smile,
They can't but *let you in.*

INCONSTANCY.

And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me—
But could I expect any more from a woman?

Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh! while he's blest, let him die on the minute—
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betray'd.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.*

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, etc.

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;

* Few poets knew better than Catullus what a French writer calls

——— la délicatesse
D'un voluptueux sentiment;

but his passions too often obscured his imagination. E.

Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl, who smiled so rosy sweet—
The girl thou lovedst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again!
You met—your souls seem'd all in one—
Sweet little sports were said and done—
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers indeed was nothing loath.
Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine!
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she loved so dear before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.
The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more;

But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,
When none will seek the happy night,
Or come to traffic in delight!
Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
Oh! none.—And he who loved before
Can never, never love thee more!

EPIGRAM.*

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's *something not correct* between us,
And you're in fault as much as I:
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 'twould not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie!

* I believe this epigram is originally French.—E.

TO JULIA.

Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not, sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may;
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting:
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no!—Yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving:
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

SONG.

Sweet seducer! blandly smiling;
Charming still, and still beguiling!
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever!

Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing warm, and wily glancing—
All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses—
I am poison'd by thy kisses!
Yet, again, ah! turn them to me:
Ruin's sweet, when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting;
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile without admiring!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull!
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman, from without
(Though, ma'am, you *smile,* as if in doubt),
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay—
As learned dialectics say,

The argument most apt and ample
For common use, is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-nd-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
The purest, brightest gem of mind!
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words—at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forced to use expedients.

I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind!

* * * * *

TO MRS. M ———.

Sweet lady! look not thus again:
Those little pouting smiles recal
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove!
And I was destined to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray:

Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

SONG.

Why, the world are all thinking about it;
And, as for myself, I can swear,
If I fancied that Heaven were without it,
I'd scarce feel a wish to go there.

If Mahomet would but receive me,
And Paradise be as he paints,
I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.

But why should I think of a trip
To the Prophet's seraglio above,
When Phillida gives me her lip,
As my own little heaven of love?

Oh, Phyllis! that kiss may be sweeter
Than ever by mortal was given;
But your lip, love! is only St. Peter,
And keeps but the key to your Heaven!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believed.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And must I say, my hopes were all deceived?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twined,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal:
Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart!

IMPROMPTU.

Look in my eyes, my blushing fair!
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there;
And, as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me:
Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
For we *make babies* in each other's eyes!

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breathed the sweetest number!
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;

And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

—sine me sit nulla Venus. SULPICIA.

Our hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy:
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather—
How often have I raptured read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, *we feel together?*"

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twined;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

TO MRS. ———.

——amore
In canuti pensier si disconvene. GUARINI.

YES, I think I once heard of an amorous youth
Who was caught in his grandmother's bed;
But I own I had ne'er such a liquorish tooth
As to wish to be there in his stead.

'Tis for you, my dear madam, such conquests to make:
Antiquarians may value you high:
But I swear I can't love for antiquity's sake,
Such a poor virtuoso am I.

I have seen many ruins all gilded with care,
But the cracks were still plain to the eye:
And I ne'er felt a passion to venture in there,
But turn'd up my nose, and pass'd by!

I perhaps might have sigh'd in your magical chain
When your lip had more freshness to deck it;
But I'd hate even Dian herself *in the wane,*—
She might then *go to hell for a Hecate!*

No, no! when my heart's in these amorous faints,
Which is seldom, thank Heaven! the case;
For, by reading the *Fathers,* and *Lives of the Saints,*
I keep up a stock of good grace:

But then 'tis the creature luxuriant and fresh
That my passion with ecstasy owns;
For indeed, my dear madam, though fond *of the flesh,*
I never was partial to *bones!*

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal—
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me!

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

TO JULIA.

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet,
When absent souls in fancy meet!—
At midnight, love! I'll think of thee!
At midnight, love! oh think of me!
Think that thou givest thy dearest kiss,
And I will think I feel the bliss.
Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine;
And, if I weep, the tear be thine!

TO ———.

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in rapture twine?
No, no! the lip that all may press
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

Can I again that look recal
Which once could make me die for thee?
No, no! the eye that burns on all
Shall never more be prized by me!

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Here is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there!*

SONG.

Away with this pouting and sadness!
Sweet girl! will you never give o'er?
I love you, by Heaven! to madness,
And what can I swear to you more?
Believe not the old woman's fable,
That oaths are as short as a kiss;
I'll love you as long as I'm able,
And swear for no longer than this.

Then waste not the time with professions;
For *not* to be blest when we can,
Is one of the darkest transgressions
That happen 'twixt woman and man.—
Pretty moralist! why thus beginning
My innocent warmth to reprove?
Heaven knows that I never loved *sinning*—
Except little sinnings in love!

If swearing, however, will do it,
Come, bring me the calendar, pray—
I vow, by that lip, I'll go through it,
And not miss a saint on my way.

The angels shall help me to wheedle;
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er danced on the point of a needle,*
Or rode on a beam of the sun!

Oh! why should Platonic control, love,
Enchain an emotion so free?
Your soul, though a very sweet soul, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me.
If you think, by this coolness and scorning,
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh! *be a woman to-night!*

TO ROSA.

Like him who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee:

* I believe Mr. Little alluded here to a famous question among the early schoolmen: "How many thousand angels could dance on the point of a very fine needle, without jostling one another?" If he *could* have been thinking of the schools while he was writing this song, we cannot say "canit *indoctum*."

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be toss'd;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

TO ROSA.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!"—and is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh, Rosa! say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night!"

And still "Good night!" my Rosa, say—
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before;
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love! my soul! "Good night!"

AN ARGUMENT

TO ANY PHILLIS OR CHLOE.

I've oft been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And Heaven punishes desires
As much as if the deed were done.

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our heart's content;
Come, then, at least we may enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment!

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And, when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;—

Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh, Rosa! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then!

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

And, oh! if airy shapes may steal
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love!—but drop the veil!
Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy flame.

No!—when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity!

ANACREONTIQUE.

———in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.
TIB. lib. i. eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe!*

ANACREONTIQUE.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But, like Affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flowers were cull'd at noon;—
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For, though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
ST. JOHN, chap. viii.

OH, woman! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.—SECUNDUS, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove:

Where I love, I must not marry;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind:
Learned without affectation;
Not deceitful, yet refined;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Warm, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this ten times over,
All that heaven to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer garments suit him best:
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

THE KISS.

Illa nisi in lecto nusquam potuere doceri.
OVID, lib. ii. eleg. 5.

GIVE me, my love, that billing kiss
I taught you one delicious night,
When, turning epicures in bliss,
We tried inventions of delight.

Come, gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move,—
Ah, no!—again—that kiss was wrong,—
How can you be so dull, my love?

"Cease, cease!" the blushing girl replied—
And in her milky arms she caught me—
"How can you thus your pupil chide;
"You know *'twas in the dark* you taught me!"

TO MISS ———.

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,

Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That used to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does Slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?—
Perhaps, oh, sylph! perhaps 'tis *love!*

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore:
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green:—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

When Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flowers were all gather'd in Heaven!

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new!
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Pity shall nurse it with dew!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.*

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast;
Where Sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past!
And, long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

* This poem, and some others of the same pensive cast, we may suppose, were the result of the *few* melancholy moments which a life so short and so pleasant as that of the author could have allowed.—E.

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d' amanti. *Past. Fid.*

And are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all and loving none?
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which, powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of danglers run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one*?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

LOVE IN A STORM.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu. TIBULLUS.

Loud sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warnings of Time o'er our head;
While fearless we offer'd devotions to Love,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed.

Damp was the chill of the wintry air,
But it made us cling closer, and warmly unite;
Dread was the lightning, and horrid its glare,
But it show'd me my Julia in languid delight.

To my bosom she nestled, and felt not a fear,
Though the shower did beat, and the tempest did frown:
Her sighs were as sweet, and her murmurs as dear,
As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of down!

SONG.

Jessy on a bank was sleeping,
A flower beneath her bosom lay;
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flower, and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalm'd by Slumber's wing,
Never felt what Love was doing—
Never dream'd of such a thing.

THE SURPRISE.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now!*

TO A SLEEPING MAID.

WAKE, my life! thy lover's arms
Are twined around thy sleeping charms:
Wake, my love! and let desire
Kindle those opening orbs of fire.

Yet, sweetest, though the bliss delight thee,
If the guilt, the shame affright thee,
Still those orbs in darkness keep;
Sleep, my girl, or *seem to sleep*.

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle:
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle!*

SONG.

WHEN the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,
Glances will tell what we fear to confess:

Oh! what an anguish
Silent to languish,
Could we not look all we wish to express!

When half-expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what,
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at.

THE BALLAD.*

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand,
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it was fragrant and fair;
But, if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

* This ballad was probably suggested by the following Epigram in Martial:

Intactas quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas. Epig. xc. lib. xi.—E.

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;
And each little flow'ret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree;
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee!

TO MRS. ———.

ON HER

BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon ame sur ma lèvre était lors toute entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre était;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrêtoit! VOIT.

How heavenly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss;

And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, ah! his soul return'd to feel
That it *again* could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee!

TO A LADY.

ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When list'ning to the spheres above!

When, tired of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh, Emma! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which,—ah! forgive a mind that's weak,—
So oft has stolen my mind away;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss:
I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK, CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;"

In which every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee emblem of himself!

The book of life, which I have traced,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they love'd such follies dearly!
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands:
The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That Prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that Heaven
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh! such
The blast of Disappointment's touch!
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:

Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not e'en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God! for ever!

WRITTEN IN THE SAME.

TO THE PRETTY LITTLE MRS. ———.

IMPROMPTU.

Magis venustatem an brevitatem mireris incertum est.
MACROB. *Sat.* lib. ii. cap. 2.

THIS journal of folly's an emblem of me;
But what book shall we find emblematic of thee?
Oh! shall we not say thou art *Love's duodecimo?*
None can be prettier; few can be less, you know.
Such a volume in *sheets* were a volume of charms;
Or, if *bound,* it should only be *bound in our arms!*

SONG.

Dear! in pity do not speak;
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall.
Yes, yes, my soul! I see
You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me, kiss me while I die,
And, oh! I live again!
Still, my love! with looking kill,
And, oh! revive with kisses still!

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:

All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

TO ———.

In bona cur quisquam tertius ista venit? OVID.

So! Rosa turns her back on me,
Thou walking monument! for thee;
Whose visage, like a grave-stone scribbled,
With vanity bedaub'd, befribbled,
Tells only to the *reading* eye,
That underneath corrupting lie,
Within thy heart's contagious tomb
(As in a cemetery's gloom),
Suspicion, rankling to infection,
And all the worms of black reflection!

And thou art Rosa's dear elect,
And thou hast won the lovely trifle;

And I must bear repulse, neglect,
And I must all my anguish stifle:
While thou for ever linger'st nigh,
Scowling, muttering, gloating, mumming,
Like some sharp, busy, fretful fly,
About a twinkling taper humming.

TO JULIA.

WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still!

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?

Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas! I know but *one* proof more,—
I'll bless your name, and die!

THE SHIELD.*

Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

* This poem is perfectly in the taste of the present day—"his nam plebecula gaudet."—E.

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
  Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
  To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
  Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
  It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See how the red, red lightning strays,
  And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
  Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
  Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
  But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
  Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
  Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO MRS. ———.

YES, Heaven can witness how I strove
To love thee with a spirit's love;
To make thy purer wish my own,
And mingle with thy mind alone.
Oh! I appeal to those pure dreams
In which my soul has hung on thee,
And I've forgot thy witching form,
And I've forgot the liquid beams
That eye effuses, thrilling warm—
Yes, yes, forgot each sensual charm,
Each madd'ning spell of luxury,
That could seduce my soul's desires,
And bid it throb with guiltier fires.—
Such *was* my love, and many a time,
When sleep has given thee to my breast,
And thou hast seem'd to share the crime
Which made thy lover wildly blest;
E'en then, in all that rich delusion,
When, by voluptuous visions fired,
My soul, in rapture's warm confusion,
Has on a phantom's lip expired!

E'en *then* some purer thoughts would steal
Amid my senses' warm excess;
And at the moment—oh! e'en *then*
I've started from thy melting press,
And blush'd for all I've dared to feel,
Yet sigh'd to feel it all again!—
Such *was* my love, and still, O still
I might have calm'd the unholy thrill:
My heart might be a taintless shrine,
And thou its votive saint should be:
There, there I'd make thee all divine,
Myself divine in honoring thee.
But, oh! that night! that fatal night!
When both bewilder'd, both betray'd,
We sank beneath the flow of soul,
Which for a moment mock'd control;
And on the dangerous kiss delay'd,
And almost yielded to delight!
God! how I wish'd, in that wild hour,
That lips alone, thus stamp'd with heat,
Had for a moment all the power
To make our souls effusing meet!
That we might mingle by the breath
In all of love's delicious death;

And in a kiss at once be blest,
As, oh! we trembled at the rest!
Pity me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed has felt like me.
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which was my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay,
My soul has drawn the placid balm
Which charm'd its little griefs away;
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I fly,
With wearied sense and wakeful eye,
While my brain maddens, where, O where
Is that serene consoling prayer,
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Has seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away;

And e'en the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee! *

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

Though sorrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Has brought a new and quickening smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link by nature tied;
Though hope deceived, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd, and foes belied;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;

* This irregular recurrence of the rhymes is adopted from the light poetry of the French, and is, I think, particularly suited to express the varieties of feeling. In gentler emotions, the verse may flow periodic and regular; and in the transition to violent passion, can assume all the animated abruptness of blank verse. Besides, by dispensing with the limits of distich and stanza, it allows an interesting suspension of the sentiment.—E.

So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hoped that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here,
To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chased each bitter tear,
And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of genius, nursed by taste;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual opening mind
Enrich'd by all the graces dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refined,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well;
Such were the hopes that fate denied—
We loved, but, ah! we could not tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twined with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too!

FANNY OF TIMMOL.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. HORACE.

SWEET Fanny of Timmol! when first you came in
To the close little carriage in which I was hurl'd,
I thought to myself, if it were not a sin,
I could teach you the prettiest tricks in the world.

For your dear little lips, to their destiny true,
Seem'd to know they were born for the use of another;
And, to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
Were eternally biting and kissing each other.

And then you were darting from eyelids so sly,—
Half open, half shutting,—such tremulous light:
Let them say what they will, I could read in your eye
More comical things than I ever shall write.

And oft, as we mingled our legs and our feet,
I felt a pulsation, and cannot tell whether
In yours or in mine—but I know it was sweet,
And I think we both felt it and trembled together.

At length when arrived, at our supper we sat,
I heard with a sigh, which had something of pain,
That perhaps our last moment of meeting was that,
And Fanny should go back to Timmol again.

Yet I swore not that I was in love with you. Fanny,—
Oh, no! for I felt it could never be true;
I but said—what I've said very often to many—
There's few I would rather be kissing than you.

Then first did I learn that you once had believed
Some lover, the dearest and falsest of men;

And so gently you spoke of the youth who deceived,
That I thought you perhaps might be tempted again.

But you told me that passion a moment amused,
Was follow'd too oft by an age of repenting;
And check'd me so softly, that while you refused,
Forgive me, dear girl, if I thought 'twas consenting!

And still I entreated, and still you denied,
Till I almost was made to believe you sincere;
Though I found that, in bidding me leave you, you sigh'd,
And when you repulsed me, 'twas done with a tear.

In vain did I whisper, "There's nobody nigh;"
In vain with the tremors of passion implore;
Your excuse was a kiss, and a tear your reply—
I acknowledged them both, and I ask'd for no more.

Was I right?—oh! I cannot believe I was wrong.
Poor Fanny is gone back to Timmol again;
And may Providence guide her uninjured along,
Nor scatter her path with repentance and pain!

By Heaven! I would rather for ever forswear
The Elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Than alarm for a moment the *peace* that is there,
Or banish the *dove* from so hallow'd a nest!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of Heaven!

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss
When she would mock my hopes no more;
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolved by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come panting to this fever'd breast;

And while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all impassion'd sink,
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

TO ———.

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down *that* path-way rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
In this short fever of desire;
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose
Which Nature hung upon your lip;
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a raptured soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
'Twill be my luxury to compare
Her spells with your remember'd charms.

"This cheek," I'll say, "is not so bright
"As one that used to meet my kiss;
"This eye has not such liquid light
"As one that used to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,

And in exulting joys discover
All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
He loves not half so well as I!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

AN INVITATION TO SUPPER.

TO MRS. ———.

Myself, dear Julia! and the Sun,
Have now two years of rambling run;
And he before his wheels has driven
The grand menagerie of Heaven,
While I have met on earth, I swear,
As many brutes as he has there.
The only difference I can see
Betwixt the flaming god and me,
Is, that his ways are periodic,
And mine, I fear, are simply *oddic*.
But, dearest girl! 'tis now a lapse
Of two short years, or less, perhaps,
Since you to me, and I to you,
Vow'd to be ever fondly true!—
Ah, Julia! those were pleasant times!
You loved me for my amorous rhymes;
And I loved you, because I thought
'Twas so delicious to be taught
By such a charming guide as you,
With eyes of fire and lips of dew,

All I had often fancied o'er,
But never, never felt before:
The day flew by, and night was short
For half our blisses, half our sport!

I know not how we changed, or why,
Or if the first was you or I:
Yet so 'tis now, we meet each other,
And I'm no more than Julia's brother;
While she's so like my prudent sister,
There's few would think how close I've kiss'd her.

But, Julia, let those matters pass!
If you will brim a sparkling glass
To vanish'd hours of true delight,
Come to me after dusk to-night.
I'll have no other guest to meet you,
But here alone I'll *tête-à-tête* you,
Over a little attic feast,
As full of cordial soul at least,
As those where Delia met Tibullus,
Or Lesbia wanton'd with Catullus.*

* Cœnam, non sine candidâ puellâ.
CAT. Carm. xiii.

I'll sing you many a roguish sonnet
About it, at it, and upon it:
And songs address'd, as if I loved,
To all the girls with whom I've roved.
Come, pr'ythee come, you'll find me here,
Like Horace, waiting for his dear.*
There shall not be to-night, on earth,
Two souls more elegant in mirth;
And, though our hey-day passion's fled,
The *spirit* of the love that's dead
Shall hover wanton o'er our head;
Like souls that round the grave will fly,
In which their late possessors lie:
And who, my pretty Julia, knows,
But when our warm remembrance glows,
The *ghost of Love* may act anew,
What Love *when living* used to do!

* ——puellam
Ad mediam noctem expecto.
HOR. lib. i. sat. 5.

AN ODE UPON MORNING.

Turn to me, Love! the morning rays
Are glowing o'er thy languid charms;
Take one luxurious parting gaze,
While yet I linger in thine arms.

'Twas long before the noon of night
I stole into thy bosom, dear!
And now the glance of dawning light
Has found me still in dalliance here.

Turn to me, Love! the trembling gleams
Of morn along thy white neck stray;
Away, away, you envious beams,
I'll chase you with my lips away!

Oh! is it not divine to think,—
While all around were lull'd in night,
While even the planets seem'd to wink,—
We kept our vigils of delight?

The heart, that little world of ours,
Unlike the drowsy world of care,
Then, then awaked its sweetest powers,
And all was animation there!

Kiss me once more, and then I fly,
Our parting would to noon-day last;
There, close that languid trembling eye,
And sweetly dream of all the past!

As soon as Night shall fix her seal
Upon the eyes and lips of men,
Oh, dearest! I will panting steal
To nestle in thine arms again!

Our joys shall take their stolen flight,
Secret as those celestial spheres
Which make sweet music all the night,
Unheard by drowsy mortal ears!

SONG.*

Oh! nothing in life can sadden us,
While we have wine and good humour in store;
With this, and a little of love to madden us,
Show me the fool that can labour for more!

* There are many spurious copies of this song in circulation; and it is universally attributed to a gentleman who has no more right than the Editor of these Poems to any share whatever in the composition.—E.

Come, then, bid Ganymede fill ev'ry bowl for you,
Fill them up brimmers, and drink as I call:
I'm going to toast every nymph of my soul for you,
Ay, on my soul, I'm in love with them all!

Dear creatures! we can't live without them,
They're all that is sweet and seducing to man!
Looking, sighing about and about them,
We dote on them, die for them, all that we can.

Here's Phillis!—whose innocent bosom
Is always agog for some novel desires;
To-day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.—
Here's to the gay little Jessy!—who simpers
So vastly good-humour'd, whatever is done;
She'll kiss you, and that without whining or whimpers,
And do what you please with you—all out of fun!

Dear creatures, etc.

A bumper to Fanny!—I know you will scorn her,
Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd;

But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You'd say she's the best little girl in the world!—
Another to Lyddy!—still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still, "whether she should;"
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
Say, "Only for *something* I certainly would!"
Dear creatures, etc.

Fill for Chloe!—bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing her lure;
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure!—
Here's pious Susan!—the saint, who alone, sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright:
For had I such a dear little saint of my own, sir,
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night!
Dear creatures, etc.

COME, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh;
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And, if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her, morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes!

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

SONG.*

Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee;
Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!—
Farewell, Bessy!

Yet, oh! yet again we'll meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last:
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.—
Farewell, Bessy!

Yes, my girl, the distant blessing
Mayn't be always sought in vain;
And the moment of possessing—
Will't not, love, repay our pain?—
Farewell, Bessy!

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,

* All these songs were adapted to airs which Mr. Little composed, and sometimes sang, for his friends: this may account for the peculiarity of metre observable in many of them.—E.

Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me!—
Farewell, Bessy!

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell, Bessy!

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew and the oath that are there!
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up that Heaven of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together!

JULIA'S KISS.

When infant Bliss in roses slept,
Cupid upon his slumber crept;
And, while a balmy sigh he stole,
Exhaling from the infant's soul,
He smiling said, "With this, with this
"I'll scent my Julia's burning kiss!"

Nay, more; he stole to Venus' bed,
Ere yet the sanguine flush had fled,
Which Love's divinest, dearest flame
Had kindled through her panting frame.
Her soul still dwelt on memory's themes,
Still floated in voluptuous dreams;

And every joy she felt before
In slumber now was acting o'er.
From her ripe lips, which seem'd to thrill
As in the war of kisses still,
And amorous to each other clung,
He stole the dew that trembling hung,
And smiling said, "With this, with this
"I'll bathe my Julia's burning kiss!"

TO ———.

REMEMBER him thou leavest behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'Twas passion when I thought I loved,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my Muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warm'd;
'Twas young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou—ah! better had it been
If I had still in freedom roved,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have loved!

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known;
But, ah! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain, is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy!

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my beloved! still keep in mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leavest behind
Whose heart respires for only thee!

And, though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care,

That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine,
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love!

SONG.

Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer!
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censured by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?—
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet?—
No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it!

So innocent, love! is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent! fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!

And, oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love!
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors!
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven!"
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to Heaven!

SONG.

THINK on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love!

Oh! *not* to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
As I was destined to be won!

SONG.

A CAPTIVE thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage.

When Death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhaled together!

THE CATALOGUE.

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as, kissing and kiss'd,
One day she reclined on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
"Of the nymphs you have loved and caress'd."—
Oh, Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all
flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a
fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love!
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to Heaven!

" Oh, Susan ! " I've said, in the moments of mirth
" What's devotion to thee or to me ?
" I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
" And believe that *that* heaven's in *thee !* "

* * * * *

A FRAGMENT.

TO ———.

'Tis night, the spectred hour is nigh !
Pensive I hear the moaning blast
Passing, with sad sepulchral sigh,
My lyre that hangs neglected by,
And seems to mourn for pleasures past !
That lyre was once attuned for thee
To many a lay of fond delight,
When all thy days were given to me,
And mine was every blissful night.
How oft I've languish'd by thy side,
And while my heart's luxuriant tide
Ran in wild riot through my veins,
I've waked such sweetly-maddening strains,
As if by inspiration's fire
My soul was blended with my lyre !

Oh! while in every fainting note
We heard the soul of passion float;
While in thy blue dissolving glance,
I've raptured read thy bosom's trance,
I've sung and trembled, kiss'd and sung;
Till, as we mingle breath with breath,
Thy burning kisses parch my tongue,
My hands drop listless on the lyre,
And, murmuring like a swan in death,
Upon thy bosom I expire!
Yes, I indeed remember well
Those hours of pleasure past and o'er;
Why have I lived their sweets to tell?
To tell, but never feel them more!
I should have died, have sweetly died,
In one of those impassion'd dreams,
When languid, silent on thy breast,
Drinking thine eyes' delicious beams,
My soul has flutter'd from its nest,
And on thy lip just parting sigh'd!
Oh! dying thus a death of love,
To Heaven how dearly should I go!
He well might hope for joys above,
Who had begun them here below!

* * * * *

SONG.

Where is the nymph, whose azure eye
  Can shine through rapture's tear?
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
  And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill—
  Her voice upon the gale?—
No; 'twas the wind, and all is still:
  Oh, maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
  'Tis past the promised hour;
Come to me, love, the twilight star
  Shall guide thee to my bower.

SONG.

When Time, who steals our years away,
  Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
  And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recal the hour
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And, as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,

My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

THE SHRINE.

TO ———.

My fates had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lured my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:

To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed!*
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay!
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day;

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;—
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?"—
"Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wiped, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And she hoped she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,

When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclined,

There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When,—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep
in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering
shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was
decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot
a gleam;
'Twas Reuben, but ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah!
never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

THE RING.*

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri. OVID. *Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15.

THE happy day at length arrived
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admired the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;

* I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, FROMMAN *upon Fascination*, book iii. part. vi. chap. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that FROMMAN quotes it from BELUACENSIS, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting.—E.

And some the featly dance amused,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been ;
It was a Heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit ;
And thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went ;
But, oh ! how was he shock'd to find
The marble finger bent !

The hand was closed upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp !

How sore surprised was Rupert's mind,—
As well his mind might be ;

"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And much he wonder'd what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He went without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still—
The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procured,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose!

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcase found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still;

In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave!

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud
Thou criedst to thy wife,
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
My Isabel! my life!"

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came;
(Oh God! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame!)

"Husband! husband! I've the ring
Thou gavest to-day to me;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died!

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear:
Ah! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arrived,
Again their couch they press'd;
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,

And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,—

"Husband! husband! I've the ring,
The ring thou gavest to me;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said:

"Oh Isabel! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss,
And keeps me from my dear?"

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
No shape of horrors see;
And much I mourn the phantasy
That keeps my dear from me!"

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, "My Isabel,
Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believed
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
Which I will tell to thee;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
And list what thou shalt see.

Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
In strange disorder'd crowd,

Trav'ling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And one that's high above the rest,
Terrific towering o'er,
Will make thee know him at a glance,
So I need say no more.

To him from me these tablets give,
They'll soon be understood;
Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
I've scrawl'd them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Trav'ling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And as the gloomy train advanced,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon
The loosely vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eye-balls flashing death;
Whene'er he breathed, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath!

He seem'd the first of all the crowd
Terrific towering o'er;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,

He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard,
Than with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breathed of hell,
She said in that tremendous voice
Which he remember'd well:

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
The ring thou gavest to me;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
Nor longer I to thee."

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

SONG.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MRS. ———.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full and every eye
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure!

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is!

Then, oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever!
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

Oh! banish every thought to-night,
Which could disturb our soul's communion!
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll e'en for once forget the Union!

On that let statesmen try their powers,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;

The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for!

Then, oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing,
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy in friendship glowing!

Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever Fate may cast your rover;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Then, oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

TO A BOY WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this
To feel thy parent's hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;

This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or syren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'Twill tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. Juv.

Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze?
Where is the heart by chymic truth refined,
The exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twined with heavenly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
Where is the tongue that scatter'd words of fire?
The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

* * * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes. LIVY.

* * * * *

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordain'd by Nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call, sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claims should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

SONG.*

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!

* I believe these words were adapted by Mr. Little to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."—E.

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leavest me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
Fare thee well!

SONG.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!

All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are Nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO J. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M.R.I.A.*

Though long at school and college, dozing
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages,
Fine recipes for forming sages;

* The gentleman to whom this poem is addressed is the author of some esteemed works, and was Mr. Little's most particular friend. I have heard Mr. Little very frequently speak of him as one in whom "the elements were so mixed," that neither in his head nor heart had nature left any deficiency.—E.

Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learn'd *to doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

"Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.

Like a dull lake the heart must lie;
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true,
But all the *flowers* were ravish'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly sage's * tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung:

"Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make Pleasure please us more!

* Aristippus.

Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel, free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying!"

Is this morality?—Oh, no!
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality:
Some cry out Venus, others Jove;
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love!
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder,
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science;

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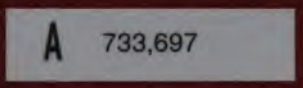
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